

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres; Say that I lingerd with you at your shop To see the making of her Carkanet, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villaine that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold, And that I did denie my wife and house; Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to shew; If y skin were parchment, & y blows you gaue were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Anti. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kicke, and being at that passe, You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y are sad signior Balthazar, pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcom here. *Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. An. Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords. *Anti.* And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart. But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cifley, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Mome, Malthorfe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-ot, Patch,

Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch: Dost thou coniuere for wenches, that y callt for such flore, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master staves in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Anti. Who talks within there? ho, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name;

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst bene Dromio to day in my place,

Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there? Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Pro-uerbe, Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast answered him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore;

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe fore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Balth. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Anti. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

Anti. Well, Ile breake in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so; For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a feather, If a crow help vs in fifta, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Anti. Goe get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so, Heerein you warre against your reputation,

And draw within the compasse of suspect Th'vniolared honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wisdom, Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie;

Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne; And doubt nor sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the aduers are made against you. Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner, And about euening come your selfe alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint: If by strong hand you offer to breake in

Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that suppos'd by the common rowt Against your yet vngalled estimation,

That may with foule intrusion enter in, And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;

For slander lues vpon succession; For euer how's'd, while it gets possession.

Anti. You haue prevail'd, I will depart in quiet, And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:

I know a wench of excellent discourse, Prettie and witty; wilde, and yet too gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I meane My wife (but I protest without desert)

Had oftentimes vpbraid me withall: To her will we to dinner, get you home

And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made, Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine;

For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)

Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste: Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,

Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Julia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot A husbands office? shall Antipholus

Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot? Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then for her wealths sake vse her with more kindnesse:

Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth, Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye: Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:

Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie: Apparell vice like vertues harbinger:

Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted, Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,

Be secret false: what need she be acquainted? What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed, And let her read it in thy looks at boord:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed, Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:

Alas poore women, make vs not beleeeue (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others haue the arme, We in your motion turne, and

Then gentle brother get you Comfort my sister, cheere her

'Tis holy sport to be a little va When the sweet breath of flat

S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, know not;

Nor by what wonder you do Lesse in your knowledge, and

Then our earths wonder, more Teach me deere creature how

Lay open to my earthie grosse Smotherd in errors, feeble, sha

The fouled meaning of your Against my foules pure truth,

To make it wander in an vnkn Are you a god? would you cre

Transforme me then, and to yo But if that I am I, then well I

Your weeping sister is no wife Nor to her bed no homage doe

Farre more, farre more, to you Oh traine me not sweet Merma

To drowne me in thy sister flou Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I w

Spread ore the siluer waues thy And as a bud Ile take thee, and

And in that glorious suppositi He gaires by death, that hath

Let Loue, being light, be drow *Luce.* What are you mad, th

Anti. Not mad, but mated *Luce.* It is a fault that spring

Anti. For gazing on your b *Luce.* Gaze when you sho

your sight. *Anti.* As good to winke swee

Luce. Why call you me loue *Anti.* Thy sisters sister.

Luce. That's my sister. *Anti.* No: it is thy selfe, min

Mine eies cleere eie, my deere My foode, my fortune, and my

My sole earths heauen, and my *Luce.* All this my sister is, or

Anti. Call thy selfe sister sw Thee will I loue, and with thee

Thou hast no husband yet, nor Giue me thy hand.

Luce. Oh soft sir, hold you st Ile fetch my sister to get her go

Enter Dromio, Syracuse. *Anti.* Why how now Drom

fast? *S. Dro.* Doe you know me

your man? Am I my se *Anti.* Thou art Dromio, tho

thy selfe. *Dro.* I am an asse, I am a w

my selfe. *Anti.* What womans man

selfe? *Dro.* Marrie sir, besides my sel

One that claimes me, one that haue me.